Vol. XIII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1859.

"That is not American. Are you a foreign-

"I am not, ma'am, but my father was.

Swede, and an artist, who came to this country before I was born."
"Was? Is your father dead?"

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR : I am not going to date my letter from any particular place, because I don't stay long enough anywhere to make it worth while. But it happened to me in the course of my ourneyings, as it happens to most people, to and myself in New York; for you probably know that if you start from anywhere and go straight along for an indefinite length of time, will presently reach New York. Now, I never have been in that city enough to feel acmainted with it. I know that the Fifth Avenue fashionable, and Stewart's is an enormous shop, and the Battery isn't the Bowery, though lean't always tell which is which, and a few such eneral facts; but I have never acquired that delightful familiarity which chats of Twentyainth street and the Astor House, and knows where they are, and what streets lead to them. and what cars to get into to go there, and which shops are the best, and where to find verything and everybody, from a shoe-string to a Raphael's Madonna. This familiarity has always commanded my especial reverence. If there is anything I admire, it is blase people-

people, as Curtis expresses it, who have pumped life dry, and the pump only wheezes-peo ple who don't feel interested in anythingpeople who have gone through the whole round of sensations, and have the satisfactory consciousness of having nothing more to feel. I would give almost anything to be so myself, but I can't. I admire, and am astonished. I like to look in at shop windows, to see a monkey capering to a hand-organ, to buy fruit of When I get into an omnibus, I never can remember to get out again, and once I rode from Boston to Cambridge three times before I re-I wanted to be left. I like to be in a crowd. if I am not in a hurry, (in a carriage-I shouldn't like to be on foot, and have all sorts of people knocking against me,) and see the feathers and

evoke the perfect bonnet, every one separately, and every one adapted to the figure, complexion, and character, of every separate wearer-

indifference to mundane matters which so ew York, I tire out successive series of atstakable display of country-bred ignorance. I had heard a great deal of the Academy of ime: but there is a great difference between hem, if you can only find it out. The building If was a marvel of white paint, and red cloth.

lothes on, stuck into every nook and corner, and three or four rows of galleries, and the wightest of gas; and there were a great many women who thought they looked pretty, and id; and a great many more who thought they id, and didn't; and some wore bonnets, and ome wore anything but bonnets, and many make themselves agreeable, and perhaps y did, I don't know; and after a while a e big drum struck up, and the curtain rose od there was a wood, and twenty or thir ks came down, and not a trouser among the de company, and everything they said was talian, and they did not say anything at all, ey rebounced and bounced back again, like e pith balls in electric experiments, till that ene was over; and then thirty or forty men

whether they ever got out of it, for I left them

r, and they got into a terrible "muss," as the New Yorkers would say, and I don't know

For the National Era. THE SHADOWY LAND.

BY R. A. R.

The shadowy land! the shadowy land! I stand on the other shore, Gazing across at a glorious band, The loved who have gone before And stretching my spirit's viewless wings But the cumbering clay around me clings.

And I scarce can hear their song.

The wave of the River on Death,
And I fancy I hear the sounds I crave, And feel an odorous breath, Fanning my flushed and feered cheek, As I strain my aching sense, For but one word such as scraphs speak. One word which might call me hence.

Oh! earth is dark, since they trend no more The homes their presens blest,
And life has a weight new felt before,
Since they sought the land of rest.
And groping wearily through the hight,
I stretch an eager hand
Toward where they faded from my sight,

The shadowy land! the shadowy land They rise between me and that blessed band But their skies are bright and clear, And though it may be through grief and gloor We reach where now they stand,

That this is the shadowy land. Mount Holly, Sept. 1st. >

For the National Era. MY HERDINE. BY EDWARD SLENCER.

CHAPTER I. Mediocre and cowardly as the people of this world are, in the general average, many heroes and beroines have yet sprung from their midst. It is very well for us that this has so happened, for we all of us need tonics, and there is not a membered to pull the strap at the place where greater moral stimulant in existence than just this: personal example. 17e, who live in these modern times, and who bead in history and biography, need not to be told how many are the operations of personal example, nor how potent its influence. From Alexander's studies in bowing through by the skin of their teeth, and Achillean deeds, down to Miss Nightingale and truckmen shouting, and wheels interlocking, and horses pawing, and timid people looking and horses pawing, and timid people looking do not disdain to follow, but are prompted to sake of the fan; but as they are scared independently of any effort of mine, I enjoy it simply as a part of the pantomime. Besides, I don't see any use in being frightened in such don't see any use in being frigh ply as a part of the pantomime. Besides, I don't see any use in being frightened in such a case. I don't expect a coachman to have any especial regard for my individual bones, but I do expect him to have a regard for his own reputation as a coachman and for his pocket, both of which demand that he should not upset his coach and injure his passenger, unless circumstances absolutely require it. I take it for granted, also, that he understands his business a great deal better than I do; and as he doesn't fret about his driving me.

> portion.
>
> She, my heroine, is dead long since, but still lives in the memory of many-grateful hearts, who have owed prosperity, happiness, perhaps even their capacity for gratitrde, to her ministrations and aid. She died full of years, and my earliest recollections picture Miss Betsy (so every one called her) as a quiet little old maid, who wore usually a subject of mob cap, that impresses me as beit gless extravagantly ugly than the orthodox pattern, and, when on the street, a plain black velvet bon-tort with action inhouse. These and her habitual day's labor as regularly as any of his emwhen on the street, a plain black velvet bonnet with satin ribbons. These, and her habitual black silk apron with its outside pockets, are the only features of her dress which I can remember, and probably I am able to recall so much simply because of some subtle but unmuch simply because of some subtle but un-

pleasant to look upon her. The lovely soul that was hers beamed out so beautifully bright, that no one could fail to recognise its nobility; had she worn a very death's head, we would have hailed it with pride, conscious of the honey hived therein. The disease which had so seamed her face had taken forever the light from one of her eyes, but the other, soft and brown, shone with a compensating significance of charity and loving-kindness towards all men, and, withal, invested her entire aspect with an air of such eminent sweet contentment that she impressed every one as if knowing a peace like the regard of a country church yard. There was the soul of their house, faint and ill, and it was six months ere he went away healed. Money he had not, and did not need, for he was able to repay in a measure their hospitality, through pleasant to look upon her. The lovely soul that was hers beamed out so beautifully bright, perhaps a little spice of primness in her manner, and she was indisputably an "old maid;" but you forgot all that when you heard her speak, for no voice was ever more exquisitely modulated, "sweet and low," yet rich, flexible, musical, and full of unutterable melody, loaned her of Heaven. No anointing oil of confession and forgiveness of sins ever soothed so much the soul of the wearied life traveller sinking to the soul of the wearied life-traveller, sinking to his last rest, as did her voice, singing some gen-tle hymn of Charles Wesley, or of Isaac Watts, tle hymn of Charles Wesley, or of Isaac Watts, fit and touching orchestral accompaniment to the ringing down of life's cartain! That music could waft a soul on its way homeward, as the murmur of rupning waters will be the sould want to the could want a soul on its way homeward, as the murmur of rupning waters will be the sould want to the sould want to

which she made into balm for the bruised and broken heart; beholding her intimacy with sorrow, her knowledge of the hidden springs of we, I could not fail, even in my most unsert through the she made into only waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her she my self, even in my most unsert throughts and feelings freely, and was than I was willing to conceal the dejection of his spirits.

"I really do not know, madam," said he, as into only waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her somewhat prononce. She was fluent, expression of his spirits.

"Where is your home?"

"Hence, he had the soon the dreamtess aseep to somewhat prononce. She was fluent, expression of his spirits.

"Where is your home?"

"Hence, when I saw tilling to conceal the dejection of his spirits.

"Where is your home?"

"Hence, when I saw till gater dinner."

"Where is your home?"

"Hence, when I saw till gater dinner."

"Where is your home?"

"I have become acquainted with these things through her own leart, that she must have been search of work for a strong and the colly waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her own portrait, and the her so methal in the only waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her own portrait, and the her solated life, soft that the only waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her own portrait, and the massing and the mass on the drejection of his spirits.

"Hence, when I saw tilling to confess even to my self, yet I thought she would soon go away, and all would be well again. But why Dick should all would be well again. But why field were the two parts and could me, if when I saw tilling to confess even to my self, yet I thought of her own portrait, and to her unskillful eyes defined in only required the country of the part of the country with the sum of this portrait.

"A there she the tought of the period of the sum of the looked at her a sittle stong and the country with

young and old, rich and poor, sinner and saint.
With a word she could heal or soothe the ruffled and wounded pride of hot rebellious youth.
Mothers sent to her when their children had
gone astray, and she knew how to make them
Rachels no longer, comforting and consoling Mothers sent to her when their children had gone astray, and she knew how to make them Rachels no longer, comforting and consoling them. At the young mother's bed-side, when, in pain and tremor and faintness, she receives her first-born to her arms, our friend could, with a whispered word, make the thin blood react and grow strong, wake a smile of hope and love upon the wan and anxious face, till resolves to live for this young life, and to witness the promised beauties of its maturity, filled all her thoughts and made her well again. When the hoary sinner, racked with pain and chilled by despair, would turn his face to the wall to die, our friend could cheer him into hope, clasp his stained hands and bend his stiff knees in importunate prayer, loosening the tied-up fountains of his tears, and touching him to the heart with such a touch as Nathan laid upon David, when he had sinned, and knew no hope. Chief of all, came to her women, with their loves and sorrows, and never went away uncomforted. The weary wife, heart-broken for the lost love of him who had been the pride of her life; the blushing maiden, all quivering with the thrill and pain of her new emotion; the victim and the crowned, equally they came to her with their confidences of joy and sorrow, equally asked her to exult in their glow, to pity their despair, and none went away but blessed her for what she gave in return. For wounds such as these she seemed to bear about her the very specific, and, though every publican came to her and was comforted, the precious oil in that Samaritan's vial never failed once, but was young as I was, I very soon came to a dim consciousness of the cause of this, and, without knowing aught of her history, used pitifully to associate her in my childish fancies with poor Crusoe pacing the deserted strand after his shipwreck, with Mordecai at the gate, with Hagar in the wilderness, going off a few steps that she might not see her infant's dying agonies, with Christian in the dungeons of Doubting Castle, or any other peculiar personification of lost hope or of profound desolation, which my thoughts may have taken hold of. Not that

It is a short story, has but a single thread, and can be sketched in the purest monochrome.

Two kindly, simple-hearted old people were beamed upon them more than once from the pulpit, and of stern, soul mastering Asbury, who had broken fast with them not seldom. Very proud were the old man and his wife of Betsy, (as they called her, though, when she was young, every one else knew her as Miss Lizzy,) she was their only child, the heir of tones she called out: "Come in; the dogs shall There was repay in a measure their hospitality, through her man-the little Lizzie. He made her his pupil, and, "Go himself a son of Oxford, had taught her no little, above all inculcating in her mind a fond-ness for books and learning, which the parents, though not understanding, did not disapprove. So, the lessons which he gave her in the Latin grammar were the beginning of a careful course of self-instruction, which she never en-tirely abandoned, and which helped to censole her in the darkest hours. I myself have often

could wait a soul on its way nomeward, as the murmur of running waters will full an infant to be in great distress, and the other, and are like a sledge-hammer, was contypicking her up when she fainted, which be easy matter, for she kept up a steady gand lopping all the time, and chattered magpie in all the intervals; and then a same, and the sledge-hammer went off, is collapser bounced into her arms, and then abounced into her arms, and then bebounced and bounced back again, like the balls in electric experiments, till that world's nocturne music. I'erceiving how eminent of most comprehensive and beautiful sense of the term; seeing how universal was her sympathy and acquaintance with grief, how untiring her shoes, and a light-blue thing where his ought to have been, that looked like a night-gown with the skirt cut off, and he do to marry the fainting woman, and she of want to marry him, and her old hunch-The little Lizzie grew up

to her and was comforted, the precious oil in that Samaritan's vial never failed once, but was ever ready to be dropped into the hurt, soothing like a balsam, and, with searching virtue, penetrating down to the innermost depths, where the pain lurked most keenly. Indeed, for one to have loved and lost seemed the surest card of admission to Miss Betsy's confidence and affection as it was the surest way to wake. own independence too much ever to think of marrying; and anyhow, the right man had not yet made his appearance. She would wait un-

til he came. her twenty-fifth year, a woman lovely at hear, and beloved by every one. Her parents were grown quite old and feeble now, and required her constant attention. At this time occurred the cardinal incident in our friend's life.

As is customary with the settlers in a new

country, where habitations are few, and "sights" infrequent, the cottage was built immediately

his business a great deal better than I do; and as he doesn't feet about my writing letters to the Era, I won't feet about my writing letters to the Era about my writing letters to the my here about my writing letters to the my her about this driving me through a sealing about to the subjected to a Medean process in the feet of the Era about my writing letters to be about the driving me through stream order to be does need to heaven, requiring only some slight superficial portion, so as to make her body a call writing not yound the star beneated to be sampled on the purpose of the world; it is comparatively a not venture to attempt it. Excepting names, what I shall relate is true in almost every particular of fact, and, so far as I have been able to make it, in every essential of color and proportion.

She, my heroine, is dead long since, but still so heroic because of the love that was born, lived, and, though suffering, died not within it.

Let me briefly sketch this life, which became so heroic because of the love that was born, lived, and, though suffering, died not within it. not venture to attempt it. Excepting names, love. Miss Betsy's love was another phase of sake? Where was the "vanitas vanitatum," the same love, and by so much the greater than the "vexation of spirit," in a nature so charm-

cessarily to be regarded as a mere stage of existence. Thus ran her thoughts. Bruno, the huge brindle mastiff, bays out a deep-toned alarum, and Mignonne clatters a quick bark. Some one must be coming. Lizzie, shaking off her revery, glanced up, and saw coming along the road towards the house saw coming along the road towards the house a lad of apparently sixteen years, whose slow, heavy, and uncertain step seemed to indicate the weariness of long travel. As he drew near, he glanced wishfully at the house and at her, and walked yet more slowly. At the gate he hesitated, paused, half reached out his hand to lift the latch, then withdrew it, and made out as if to move on—evidently longing to stop, but fearing to do so. His looks were so weary, his manner so embarassed, and his appreciance so manner so embarassed, and his appearance so

not harm you!" The lad opened the gate, and, as she jumped down from the swing, came towards her. He was rather tall, and, though pale and thin, was very handsome. Spite of his worn and travel-soiled clothes, his bared feet and poverty stricken air, he struck her as one who had been genteelly bred. As he approached, he took off his ragged straw hat, and made her a courteous bow. Lizzie thought that Sir

ing his hat off, and speaking most pleasantly, with a slow and accurate enunciation; "will you permit me to get a drink of water from

your well?"

"I will have you a glass got, my lad," said Lizzie, who affected the old woman when with boys, "but would you not rather have a glass of milk? It is more refreshing, and you seem

madam," said he, "I shall be very grateful." Lizzie called to one of the servant women. "You look hungry-are you not?" asked she eyeing him with compassion.

He colored up. "No, thank you," he began, but, hesitating a moment, said, "I am hungry, very hungry. I have eaten nothing but a crust

"Priscilla," cried Lizzie, "go to the pantry, quick; here are the keys. Bring a pitcher of milk, and some biscuits, on a plate—and that piece of cold chicken on the second shelf. Put them on a waiter, and don't stay a minute. The poor boy looks half starved," added she, in a partial aside. When the servent started off, Lizzie turned again towards the lad. "You seem fatigned. Have you walked far to-day?"

"From —," said he, naming a town.

"Why, that is more than twenty miles! You were not going further this evening? Where are you going to?"

"I really do not know, madam," said he, as if wishing but unable to conceal the dejection.

must lie still a while yet, and eat something, be-fore you think of standing. I fear you have now, run and get me the brandy from the side-board. Drink some milk, Oscar. You are too young to be left to yourself thus, all alone in

knees and her arm holding him there-bent over him, and, obeying the impulse, kissed him twice upon the lips.

"Poor chile. He'm werry pooty, aint he,

that I have not been mistaken in thinking you honest and deserving. You will never want the trembling with eagerness. "I have no home— my wants are very few"—he glanced so rueful-

not restrain a smile—"and indeed I will be faithful. Who would not work for you?" added he, fervently.
"But you must rest first, Oscar, or you cannot do your work well; and when your feet are better, we will see if we cannot hunt you up a

pair of shoes, and get these clothes of yours in better order. I think you are a proud boy, Os-

volunteered Priscills.

"I have little to be proud of, Miss," said Oscar, not sadly, for the drink, the meal, and this promised labor, had restored its bright side to everything. "All I have is my health and a little education—and my poor father had ten times as much, yet nearly starved." Lizzie sent Priscilla to prepare a room for

the lad, and said to him"You must be very tired, Oscar, so I think

away after Priscilla. As he did so, Lizzie felt a warm tear upon her hand, and it would prob-

seeds, and an artist, who came to this country before I was born."

"Am as born."

"Am an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the orphan or was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the offer I was an orphan—without a friend in the orphan orphan

The result of the conversation must have

received the water and restoratives from Pris-cilla, and, looking down again, she found the being unfitted by superior refinement to endure its hardships with ordinary powers. His father was a Swede, a man of education, letters, genius perhaps, and an artist, but a man entirely unfitted for active life, by an utter deficiency of business talent. He had originally been a man of some property had fell.

amateur than professionally; and it was only the world. You might have died to-night —

"You are very kind, madam," murmured the boy—"too kind. I cannot repay — Indeed I am not a beggar," said he, with a feeble but passionate earnestness, that was most piteous.
"I had money until yesterday; but my father was poor, and I had to sell the last painting to have him buried. There are others, but they are in pledge —; but I can work" —

"Hush. We do not miss a biscuit and a glass of milk, Oscar; and I am so persuaded that of milk, Oscar; and I am so persuaded that intend to give you a trial."

"Hush I you can work, that I intend to give you a trial.
Drink this brandy and milk; it will strengthen you. Bring that bench here, Priscy, and Oscar will eat some chicken. Do you feel better now, Oscar?"

"You made mode in the nusband collecting a lew dollars nere and the nusband collecting a lew dollars nere until at 19th you are glad when they are all exploded, and you can go home to rest. Clara and Eliza-D. are thus content to shine. Amelia does not should be panelling, teaching drawing, and other misers and there, now by painting a cheap portrait, now by the embellishment of signs, and again by panelling, teaching drawing, and other misers and the nusband collecting a lew dollars nere until at 19th you are glad when they are all exploded, and you can go home to rest. Clara and Eliza-D. are thus content to shine. Amelia does not she seeks to win, and her skill is wonderful to behold. As for the young gentlement, they are extremely proper, and repart out my shand.

"You are Luke Swinton," I said, and held men, they are extremely proper, and repart out my shand.

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"You are Luke Swinton," I said, and held they are extremely proper, and repart out my shand.

"You are Luke Swinton," I said, and held they are extremely proper, and repart out my shand. Oscar? "

"Yes, madam—I am well now, almost, and when I have eaten will be quite so," answered he, rising to his feet, and staggering to the seat. He turned his large eyes towards her, and, while they glistened with emotion, added:

"I will not attempt to thank you."

"Stop, Oscar. There is no need to thank me. I do not like to be thanked—in words, at least. You have no home—you wish to work, least not have for one successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him for more successful work than had tried to fit him fallen to fit him fallen to fit him fallen to their share. But, just as he was grow—

"And you are"———————————————————————— istence. What little money was in his father's pocket when he died—at a wayside tavern, where he had stopped for the night, he and his son being "on a tramp" in quest of work—the boy, with a tender pride, had devoted to the boy, with a tender pride the two largest tenders, and he, the thirty years made the throw to be my included to the tender pride the tenders to be my included to the tenders, and he, the thirty years made the throw to be my included to the tenders to be my includ the boy, with a tender pride, had devoted to procure his father decent sepulture and a tombstone, and it was with five dollars in his pocket that Oscar started out to make his way through life, without a single friend, footsore and tired already, agitated in spirit, and choking with grief. Is it any wonder that, at the end of a month, he found himself penniless, and ready to drop down upon the road? But he could not have fallen at the feet of one more charitably disposed towards all persons, or more willing to aid him particularly than Lizzie was. She melted with tender pity at thought of all this poor boy must have gone through, and She melted with tender pity at thought of all this poor boy must have gone through, and marvelled much that he was so brave and so cheerful, notwithstanding. Had it been herself, she thought, she must have hated the whole human race for permitting her to sufferso much, and she could never have smiled again. But there was humor in those soft bive eyes, she felt sure, and many a merry dimple of laughter lurked needs again, and bick are our vis-avis; and though this row of Mr. H., it is very new to Dick. If Dick likes being cheated, I do not like to see him cheated; but it is not proper to help him see things as they are, for then had misconceive me.

Thursday, August 25.—You have seen, dear G***, that I had much to tell you, I did not know how to write; and as matters have ripened this will lodge a detainer. Depend on it, I shall not soon part with you."

"And can you really give such an invitation without the cognizance of the lady that owns you? Oh, happy Benedict!" continued I, laughing; "tell me where I may find such a partner, and I will forthwith join your frater-inty."

"Don't talk rashly, James, but rather make all the preparations you need for a long visit.

And the young man delivered a page of it with

On the whole, I don't think I appreciate the fine arts, and shall devote the remainder of my natural life to knitting blue mixed woollen stockings with seams and long heels.

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On the whole, I don't think I appreciate the ball to touch with healing something to do, perhaps—enough to feed me, lived was but thinly settled, and there were but they would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew and the very secret spot of sorrow, we must have felt the blow ourselves, and, through our pleased to assign him, only hoping he would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew to see with the day and hour would come when my month in person that at they would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew they would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew to see.

After being here a fortinght, A melia told me they all were to showed both in manners and in person that at they would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew to see.

After being here a fortinght, A melia told me they would be appreciated by Dick, and I knew to see.

After being here a fortinght, A melia told me they all were to show the day and hour would come may have the day and hour would come the show the day and hour would be appreciate

And a more universal and intelligent and kindly sympathizer than Miss Betsy never lived. She could and did minister with equal success to young and old, rich and poor, sinner and saint. With a word she could heal or soothe the ruffeed and wounded pride of hot rebellious youth. Mothers sent to her when their children had gone astray, and she knew how to make them to inspire her ever with more confi-them that gone astray and his ingenuous face others, believe with more confi-them that gone astray and his ingenuous face others the clergy on their own ground, and consequently was able to inspire her ever with more confi-them that them with their arm chairs and listen to one of these wars of words, and how to inspire her ever with more confi-them that them with them done in the old folks to its in their arm chairs the would be under Li and his ingenuousness, to distinguish him above other beggars who had appealed to her for aid. True, she had not done more for him than for those others, perhaps—but did she feel towards them as she did towards this boy? Would she in the morning, or as soon as he was able to walk, see Oscar depart, provided with money perhaps, and clothes, as had done those others who had aroused her sympathies? No—she felt she would not permit that. She felt that her interest in him was such that she wished to provide for him—to stand in loco parentis to wards him. And she could not satisfy herself as to the cause of this interest, could not be certain and that it was wise or reasonable. What if

here is J. G. Saxe, who was pointed out to me this morning on a root at the light and shade for the hundred and twenthis morning on my way to the Spring, smoking tieth time, but never so hopelessly as now; a German pipe in front of Congress Hall. I believe there is some name given to these things which lifts them out of the vulgarity of pipes—
but for a post and wit to be seen and in the piazzas of the United States, I started the loveliness of the sunlight and the shadows with but for a poet and wit to be seen smoking one some success; but not so now. Dick was abof these crooked contrivances had a very com- sorbed, and Aunt Jane did not care to be mon look. But I forgive him, for he has awakened to enthusiasm about what she had just stricken off at a dash the following sketch

came very opportune. Not that I wanted anything, but so soon as I had cashed the draft, I saw the loveliest point lace collar for seventy-Now you will think "the girl and her money soon parted." Yes, but then I have such a had ever denied her his loving confidence, and that she felt it like a sword piercing her to the heart, he gave in, and said that Netta had been love of a collar! But I was about to tell you guilty of what he regarded a great indelicacy of the surprise I have been getting up for dear in saying to Amelia A. that she never would grandpa. It is nothing less than my own self tuition, denied for me that I had ever made done in crayon by Vincent Colyer, Esq., artist, such a speech. Dick was sure it must be so, 105 Bleecker street. I chanced to pass his for Amelia had repeated, as she said, word for wards the boy whom she was nursing upon her lap? The warm color came into her cheeks, her suffused eyes grew dimmer still as she bent over him, her heart beat strong and tumultuous; she seemed to feel as if this boy belonged

"And thy own way, too, Betsy dear. Is it studio, and was attracted by some beautiful heads. One of these, a most perfect face of a young girl, was taken by Mr. Colyer last summer. She was at the Springs with her family

The result of the conversation must have mer. She was at the Springs with her family never appeared to have received it. Indeed, ous; she seemed to feel as if this boy belonged to her—as if, by sheltering his fainting form then she had acquired a guardian's rights towards him—as if he had been sent to her to be provided for, to occupy her thoughts, to become her child from that time forth. She bent over him, lower still, gazing upon his pale thin face—bent over him, with his head upon her knees and her arm holding him there—bent.

The result of the conversation must have prepossessed the old man in Oscar's favor, for that afternoon, in compliance with a suggestion of his, the tailor of the neighborhood was sent for, and took Oscar's measure for a suit of clothes, while Priscilla plied a busy needle in the manufacture of half a dozen coarse muslin shirts for "the new boy," as he was called.

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as it was left. Of Mr. Colyer's skill as an artist mentioned. The topic was about marrying first cousins, and I said I would not marry a spite of his remonstrances. Lizzie knew best; wish I was half as handsome as he has made

Aunt Jane: and then the flood-grate heing

Lizzie blushed deeply, as sne looked up, sure received the water and restoratives from Priscilla, and, looking down again, she found the boy just opening his languid eyes with a vacant stare.

"Poor chile. He's comin' to, now. Specing how he'm starved, most likely. Jest see to his feet, ma'sm. They's all blistered and swelled up, and a-bleedin', too, as I'm a livin' sinner. No wonder you drapt down, honey," said she to the hoy, who now, after looking a moment into Lizze eyes natil consciousness of his situation returned, began to color deeply, and made an effort to rise.

But Lizzie gently prevented him. "You

lurked perdu about the corners of that little month. It would be her pleasure to test to their full these capacities. Evidently, Lizzie had plans that looked considerably farther than the mere weeding of her thought bery.

Perhaps there was some relation between these niterior designs and the circumstance of the little month. It would be her pleasure to test to the pleasure of telling you briefly what has happened. To begin at the beginning—some time since, Miss Amelia led me to talk about her cousins, and asked me if I thought it a good plan for first cousins to marry; and I told her the truth when I said I had no cousin in the world whom I would marry, which is all the preparations you need for a long visit, and join me two hours hence."

He named the place of meeting. Both were punctual, and we duly arrived at Hop Villa.

I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and the world whom I would marry, which is all the preparations you need for a long visit, and join me two hours hence."

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I did not expect to see such a lovely domain as that which called my old friend master, and did its beauty. "So this is your home?" I true. She looked me in the face, and asked me these ulterior designs and the circumstance of her placing a book in Oscar's hands on one of these days, and asking him to read to her from it. It was a poem by Dr. Oliver Goldsmith, who was a favorite author of the young lady's, on account of his "Vicar of Wakefield"—and the very naturally believed he must be an only before dinner, so be patient a while longer."

the world whom I would marry, which is all did its beauty. "So this is your home?" I asked, my face expressing both surprise and pleasure.

"Yes, all is really mine these boundaries enclose. I see you wonder how it came to be so; but I do not like to begin a long story before dinner, so be patient a while longer." have been a very easy matter for her to have the name of the poem was "The Traveller"- son, because of his devotion to the only mother

he has ever known.

After this conversation, which I had forgotten, with a multitude of just such sayings, Dick showed himself alienated from me. We walked Oscar was sent to a quiet, nice room, where Priscilla had water ready, and insisted upon bathing his sore and swollen feet, in spite of his entreaties to be allowed to do it himself. Thus refreshed; and told to lie abed in the morning until called, he slept soon the dreamless sleep that only waits upon a weary child.

Not so Lizzie. Tea over, the curiosity of her Not so Lizzie examined it, she found to be her own portrait, and to her unskillful eyes all would so morning Oscar made his Uance, when one morning Oscar made his for I had tasked myself to comply with every for I had tasked myself to compl

e gratified, and that Dick would feel himself impelled to see that his Cousin Netts was not spirited away by Mr. H---- or some such attractive gentleman. The day came, and the hour, and we all went with them to the depot, and saw them off.
With what different feelings did I walk down

the beautiful grounds of the United States on that day and the day of my arrival. I had Dick and Aunt Jane with me now, as then. The sun shone as brightly, and the checkered shadows danced as sweetly on the greensward. All Nature wore the same joyonsness, but I was not joyous. Dick walked on in silence, three went to our rooms.

This state of feeling existing between us, the estrangement, hard as it was for me to bear, was harder for Dick, and he manifested his temper in a way to attract the attention of Aunt Jane. After watching us for a day or two, she asked me what had happened-and ! mother told him it was the first time time be had ever denied her his loving confidence, and

an ague, which might be hard to cure, unless taken in hand at once. It was only his fear of being troublesome that made him u gent to get

me, and yet everybody says it is a great suctaken in hand at once. It was only his fear of being troublesome that made him u gent to get

I am beginning to weary of the United States

I was greatly relieved by her sympathy and assurance that I had acted with great discovery and assurance that I had acted with great discovery and assurance that I had acted with great discovery and assurance that I had a full talk with Aunt Jane of all taken in hand at once. It was only his fear of being troublesome that made him u gent to get tember, and it may be we shall go to Lake

George before we set our face homewards. Hoping we may soon meet, I remain, dear G***, yours, lovingly, NETTA.

We were near the house when we came upon

the gardener, who was examining the withered remains of an old hop-vine.

"Is it quite dead, Scott?" asked my friend.

"Quite, sir. Shall I remove it?" "I suppose you must, but I feel sorry to give the order. Remember, you procure and plant another in its place immediately. I must not have Hop Villa without one vine.